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OF HIGH
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DAMES OF HIGH DEGREE

BEING PORTRAITS AFTER ENGLISH
MASTERS, WITH DECORATIONS
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BY THOMSON WILLING



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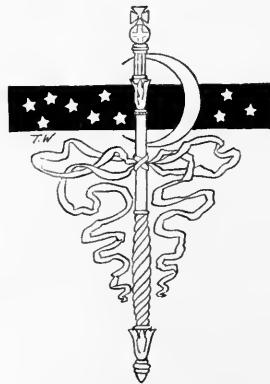
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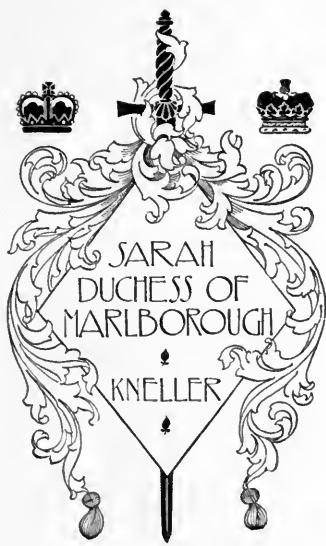
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FIEL PERO

DSEDICHADO

DUCHESS OF

MARLBOROUGH





No woman of modern times has displayed a career of such emphasis as Sarah Jennings,— has exhibited the incisive personality in shaping plans, the virile energy in pushing her projects, and the large grasp of public affairs, the foresight and the sanity. With all her beauty and her ability, "shrewd" is the epithet that thus clung to her name. "Queen Sarah," "the Viceroy," and "La Belle Jennings" are the epithets used in sketches of her career, but references in history to her character are most often made to the harsher, the unlovely, the contentious phases of her composite character. Contentious she was, but not until she had been intrigued against by those at court who should have been most grateful to her; uncharitable she was when the

great glory wrought for his country by her husband was made of no account by those who shared most in the glory ; and shrewish she became when contemned by court, when persecuted by opponents, and left alone by relatives. Not a lovely personality was hers, but a powerful one, — one that, with a little more charity of heart, a trifle more suavity of manner, and a little more maintenance of majesty might have made for the betterment of Britain, and wrought for herself a sweet and fair renown. Her career was indeed splendid. Making her *début* in the Carolean court, a vivacious beauty when the court was famed for the beauties assembling there, she rose to shape the affairs of the nation. Sarah, the third daughter of Richard Jennings, was born at Holywell, near St. Albans, in May, 1660. Her father was a country gentleman of moderate income, who had married Frances Thornhurst, daughter and heiress of Sir Giffard Thornhurst, of Agnes Court, in Kent. Jennings was a Protestant, but a zealous Stuart adherent. To the court, two of his daughters were sent. The eldest, Frances, was a lovely girl of blond com-

plexion, with wit and vivacity as well as beauty. She is "La Belle Jennings" we meet in the pages of Grammont. In that iniquitous environment she preserved her respectability,—repulsing all gallants, even the Duke of York,—and became Duchess of Tyrconnel. Her portrait by Lely graced the gallery at Whitehall in that splendid collection there of the surpassing beauties of the time. The second sister, Barbara, did not go to court, but married Edward Griffith. The third sister, our Sarah, at twelve years of age, entered the service of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. Besides wishing to surround herself with youth and beauty, the Duchess wished a playmate to the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen. This youthful companionship of the staid and sedate princess with the lovely, impetuous girl continued long after the death of Anne Hyde—1671—and long after James had married Mary Béatrix d'Este. The new Duchess was of the same age as the young maid of honor. She, too, was a beauty, of dark hair and eyes, a contrast to Sarah, to whom she was kind and affectionate. In her service, and under her influence,

Sarah developed into a well-conducted and prudent woman, a woman of great intelligence, and her lively wit sparkled and her splendid beauty shone. Hers was a beauty that lasted. She had soft, deep blue eyes; a delicate rosy mouth, of much sweetness of expression, a clear skin and blond hair, long and glossy,—glorious in its effect. Her figure was most perfectly proportioned. When the Duke of York was married to Mary of Modena, one of the appointments to gentlemen of the bedchamber was that of the son of Sir Winston Churchill, of Ashe, in Dorsetshire, Colonel John Churchill, who after being page to the Duke had attained, at the age of sixteen, a commission in the army. He was an extremely handsome young man, with clear-cut, regular features, high forehead, and thoughtful eyes, with a figure above the average; he was called "the handsome Englishman." His manners were as fine as his appearance. His sister Arabella had been the mistress of James II. during his first marriage, and Lady Castlemaine was his cousin; and it was to the latter he was indebted for means to appear at court, and for

a powerful influence in his favor. When handsome Colonel Churchill was twenty-four years of age he was attracted by the pretty Sarah Jennings. They were engaged for three years, a period of alternation in the intensity of their attachment. They were married in privacy at last, Mary Béatrix being their only confidante. The soldier's duty called him to the continent. From Antwerp he wrote to his wife a letter characteristic of the many he sent throughout his career when he had to be away from her. "My soul's soul, I do with all my heart and soul long to be with you, you being dearer to me than my own life."

Preferment soon came to the young soldier. He was favored of his royal master. He had been made Master of the Robes before James was King, and after was created Baron Churchill of Eyemouth in Scotland. Lady Churchill increased in favor with her girl playmate Anne. When the latter, a placid, respectable lady of commonplace mind, married the more sedate Prince George of Denmark, Sarah became more necessary for Anne as an antidote. With these

two, intimacy ripened into familiarity, and familiarity at last bred contempt. The Princess wished forms of address put aside; so proposed to her lady in waiting to adopt familiar names. The lady became to the Princess "Mrs. Freeman," and the Princess to her lady was "Morley." For long years they never addressed each other by any other title than these. She was the friend of Anne throughout that troublesome period when James had to flee, and Anne's sister Mary, and her husband from Holland became joint monarchs. Though an adherent of the Stuarts, Churchill wisely withdrew from the court and service of James long before his flight. In the new reign the Baron was at once raised to an earldom. But he had no part in affairs. The sisters Mary and Anne did not live in great amity, and as the Countess of Marlborough was the close companion of the heir to the throne, and not the Queen, her and her husband's influence was small. At this period was the greatest glory of Countess Sarah as a leader of society. With her bright intelligence, sparkling wit, and great good sense, she attracted to

Anne's court at Whitehall all the able and brilliant men of the day. Some came from interested motives, in being friendly with the adviser of the successor to the throne, others came for her own sake; and chief among these was the noble Sidney Godolphin, who had been Lord Treasurer under James II. and who retained the office under William. He was an admirer of the shrewd sense of Sarah, and became a life-long friend. But all through her career this brilliant woman had no admirer like unto her husband. Loyal and loving when at home and abroad, his affection for her is a great tribute to her worth; and that affection was reciprocal. Never did he leave her but he sent most tender messages of love. He who knew her best complained not of that violent temper or hasty speech. When he was away in the midst of his battles he wrote to her: "Put your trust in God, and be assured that I think I can't be unhappy as long as you are kind;" and again, when he was a man of fifty-two, and his wife a decade younger, he wrote, on leaving her for a time: "It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted from you when I was by the

water's side. I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I know I should have exposed myself to the company. I did for a great while with a perspective glass look out upon the cliffs, in hopes I might have had one sight of you."

Lady Marlborough was of a most intense nature. She liked heartily, and she disliked just as heartily. Queen Mary was one of those she disliked. The royal sisters disagreed much, and these disagreements were attributed by the Queen to the influence of Lady Sarah on Anne. Her Majesty determined to have her dismissed, and commanded Anne to have her leave Whitehall. She left, but the Princess went with her. Marlborough had been expelled the court by the King for carrying on a correspondence with his late monarch. The Queen was attacked with the small-pox and died, and after this the King was reconciled to his sister-in-law. At her residence in Berkeley House she again held court, and with her Lady Sarah the dictatress was as important as ever. Marlborough somewhat recov-

ered the confidence of the court, and was made governor to Anne's son, the young Duke of Gloucester. When William III. died, in 1702, Lady Marlborough was forty-three years of age, and now was the period of her greatest power,—the period preceding her downfall. Her husband had full command of the army, and gained such glory on the continent as raised the prestige of England and gained a lasting renown for the General. Honors were showered on him, in which his consort shared. He was made a Prince of the Roman Empire abroad, and a Duke at home. A ducal seat at Woodstock was given him by the nation, and Blenheim was built. His consort, during his career abroad, looked after his interests at court. He was not without enemies who belittled his conquests. What great man is not attacked and aspersed by those who have not the largeness of view to comprehend the motives and principles of the great? "Queen Sarah," termed now "the Viceroy" by reason of her influence with the Queen Anne, confounded his enemies. But she, who had foiled many a minister, fell a victim to the intrigue of a humble

relative, Abigail Hill, whom she had introduced at court, and who was bedchamber woman to the Queen. As honors were heaped upon the Duchess, she became haughty and dictatorial. The taciturn Queen came at last to resent her dictation in politics. The question was in regard to Church and State, Anne being a strict, even a narrow church-woman, and the Duchess being wise enough to see the trend of thought was against intolerant laws. The political difference soon became a personal difference, and "Mrs. Freeman" and "Morley" were friends no more, for Abigail Hill had treacherously intrigued against the Duchess, being guilty of backbiting and deceit. From the time of the disfavor of the Marlboroughs, Queen Anne's prestige abroad waned and she had no prosperity at home. In 1722, the Duke died. His widow was sought in marriage by Lord Coningsby and by the Duke of Somerset; but she replied, "The widow of Marlborough shall never become the wife of any other man."

The family of the Duchess was five daughters and one son, Lord Blandford, who died in his

youth. The daughters were all beautiful like their mother, and, like her, intelligent and virtuous. The eldest, Lady Henrietta Churchill, in her eighteenth year was married to Lord Rialton, eldest son of her mother's friend Godolphin. She afterwards became Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. The second daughter, Lady Anne, was married to Lord Sunderland, and through her descendant the titles and estates of the Churchills have been enjoyed by the Spencers. This union was not a felicitous one. The third daughter, Lady Elizabeth, married the Earl of Bridgewater. The fourth, Lady Mary, became Duchess of Montagu. The latter was of a hasty temper and disagreed sadly with her mother. The later life of the Duchess was not placid. Her acerbity of temper increased with age, and brought her into many a turmoil. Many are instances given of her imprudent and caustic speech, and many the anecdotes told of her keen wit, and her uncharitable conduct. She wrote the defence of her course with the Queen; she was attacked severely by Pope and by Swift, and was defended by Fielding. Indeed, such a strong

personality as hers must needs stir up strife. She made many enemies, and her enemies did not fail to magnify her failings. She died at eighty-four years of age, and was buried beside her husband at Blenheim.

Lord Bolingbroke was once spoken to of Marlborough's penuriousness. He stopped the comment by saying, "He was so very great a man that I forgot he had that vice." We would that the chroniclers had treated his Duchess in the same spirit. She had several blemishes of character, but she was a very great woman.











IN Thackeray's ever interesting and keen comments on the Courts of the Georges, he says, "Of all the Court of George and Caroline I find no one but Lady Suffolk with whom it seems pleasant and kindly to hold converse. Even the misogynist Croker, who edited her letters, loves her, and has that regard for her with which her sweet graciousness seems to have inspired almost all men and some women who came near her." Strange language this. In searching for the most honest, the most sane talker, and the least vainglorious, least lacquered of the world, among the women of that age, we come upon one who was chronicled for a century as mistress of the King. The edition of her letters combats this

established repute of her position. But beyond the general esteem of her associates and the adulation of her admirers, he adduces no evidence to controvert the grave asseverations of history.

In a letter to her, Mr. Hobart says, " You have hardly yet ever received a letter but silver-tongued praise sweetened every line. Pope and Swift for you laid by satire, and joined for once in panegyric." How grateful we are they did preserve to us in these panegyrics the sweet character of one whose position at Court would lead to cruel comment and adverse estimate !

" I know a thing that 's most uncommon,
(Envy, be silent and attend !)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

" Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumor,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly,—
An equal mixture of good-humor,
And sensible soft melancholy.

" ' Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir? '
Yes, she has one, I must aver ;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman 's deaf, and does not hear ! "

This is the compliment paid by little Mr. Pope, "To a Certain Lady at Court." Swift's character sketch is in prose, and is prefaced to the collection of Lady Suffolk's letters. After passing by the subject of her wit and beauty as being freely conceded and also being apart from her character, the Dean sketches very lightly her career, and then proceeds to a recital of her characteristics. Supreme tact and diplomacy, modesty and kindness, are her attributes. "If she had never seen a court, it is possible she might have been a friend," and "She is upon the whole an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments who have nothing to ask," are the comments of the satiric churchman; and he concludes with the opinion that "her talents as a courtier will spread, enlarge, and multiply to such a degree that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, must be folded and laid up clean, like clothes in a chest, never to be put on till satiety or some reverse of fortune shall dispose her to retirement." Beyond the compliments of Pope and Swift in adulation and incense is the poem of Lord Peterborough addressed to Mrs. Howard:—

“ I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation? ”

The heart is not affected by Celia, by Sappho, or Prudentia, but by another finer than these.

“ But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
When she comes in my way — the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

“ O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season ;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she ? ”

This sweet lady, who drew men unto her, was Henrietta, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, fourth Baronet of his family. She was born about 1688, and married, in her twentieth year, the Honorable Charles Howard, third son of Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk, who in 1731 became, by the deaths of his nephews and two elder brothers, ninth Earl of Suffolk. The union was not felicitous from the first. Howard was without

income; his wife's was but small. His tastes and temperament were reprehensible. About the close of Queen Anne's reign, the couple went to Hanover with the view of conciliating the favor of their future sovereign. The lady gained much favor with the Electress Sophia, and on her son's accession to the throne was appointed woman of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. It was long after this, however, that the Prince became at all enamoured of her. Mrs. Howard found it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian ministers, but in order to do so made the sacrifice of selling her beautiful head of hair to procure the wherewithal. On the transference of the Court to England, the apartment of the bedchamber woman of the Princess became the rendezvous of all the beauties, gallants, and wits of the day. Here Molly Lepel was gracious to all, but loving to one, Lord Hervey, especial friend of the Princess; here Mary Bellenden, the vivacious, and Margaret her sister, added gayety to the court. Among all the ladies Mrs. Howard was the favorite. She was a good friend to all, and kept her friends long after her

Court days. Many of them became her correspondents; and in their letters we find a loyalty, a happy spirit of comradeship, and withal a sincerity which was rare in those days. Mary Bellenden, become Mrs. Campbell, wrote to her in 1722: "I wish you might leave that life of hurry, and be able to enjoy those that love you, and be a little at rest; and I really do believe you have as many people that love and value you as ever came to one woman's share." This is the burden of all the letters sent her,—good wishes for her welfare, and expressions of affection. The Prince of Wales, accustomed to having his wishes gratified, desired for himself her who was the admired of all the court. Not that he was of an amorous disposition, did he desire her, so much as to disprove the rumors that he was ruled by his wife, and from a silly idea that gallantry was becoming. While Mrs. Howard submitted to the position of favorite to the Prince, this did not alter her pleasant relations with the Princess. The lady's husband of course became acquainted with the intrigue, and helped to publish it by vociferously demanding her before the guards

and congregated auditors in the quadrangle of St. James' Palace. He had a letter delivered to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury. But all this was in the nature of blackmail, for he was quieted with a pension of twelve hundred a year. Never was royal mistress less avaricious or selfish than she. In her career she was not able to aggrandize more than the cost of a small villa at Twickenham, known as Marble Hill, the cost of which was but ten or twelve thousand pounds. Gay writes of the building of it:—

“ My house was only built for show,
My lady's empty pockets know ;
And now she will not have a shilling
To raise the stairs or build the ceiling.
'T is come to what I always thought,
My dame is hardly worth a groat.”

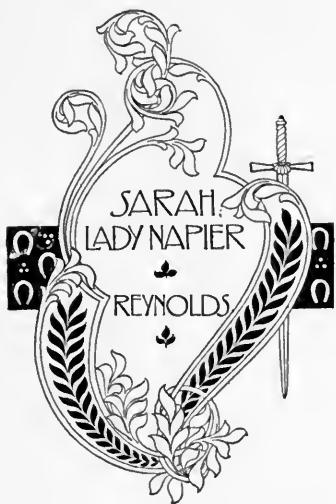
The place was comfortable and tasteful rather than magnificent. Her friends had aided its accomplishing. Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the house; Lord Bathurst and Mr. Pope laid out the gardens; and Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot had constituted themselves superintendents of the household. Here were spent

her happiest hours. In 1731, Mr. Howard succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk, and as a countess could not hold the subordinate position of bedchamber woman, the Queen transferred her to the office of Mistress of the Robes. This gave my lady less exacting duties and more leisure to enjoy her villa on the Thames. Her husband died in 1733, which increased her income, so in the following year she retired from Court. She lived not long in widowhood, but married, in 1735, the Hon. George Berkeley, the youngest son of the second Earl of Berkeley. They lived a happy life, as appears from their correspondence and as testified to by Lady Suffolk after her husband's death in 1746. Lady Suffolk had one child by her first husband, a son, who became tenth Earl, and died without issue in 1745 at the age of thirty-five. By her second husband she had no children, but adopted and educated her niece, Lady Dorothy Hobart, and her grand-niece, Lady Dorothy's daughter by Colonel Hotham. From the time of her retirement from Court until her death in 1767, she lived a life of tranquillity, the object of

affection from many loyal friends. Her neighbor at Twickenham, Mr. Walpole, used to spend his autumn evenings in her gardens, enjoying her Court reminiscences and unmalicious gossip. Her memory was wonderful, and all her comment sensible. Her hearing had always been defective; but even this did not detract from the charm of reconnoitring her memories of early days in high circles, and listening to their interesting recital. Her appearance, as described by Walpole, is what one would imagine to be consonant with her character: "She was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair, and features regular and agreeable, rather than beautiful. She was remarkably genteel, and always dressed with taste and simplicity. Her personal charms had suffered but little diminution up to the period of her death, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. She preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life, and, from the propriety and decency of her behavior, was always

treated as if her virtue had never been questioned,— her friends even affecting to suppose that her connection with the King had been confined to pure friendship." The Queen, though professing great fondness for Mrs. Howard, took a malicious delight in employing her in menial duties, and subjecting her to mortifications. "My good Howard" is the phrase she became accustomed to use when addressing her, and this is the phrase we like to recall her by. The frailty, weaknesses, and ill in her character have nigh vanished as her career is empurpled by time, and that character's tone and tint is best sketched by the simple phrase, "My good Howard."









Lady Sarah Lennox
C. J. Fox and
Lady Susan Strangways



IN the collection of Carolan Court beauties painted by Lely, the most interesting portrait, next to that of the graceful Countess of Grammont, is of Louise de Keroualle, the patrician mistress brought from France by the Merry Monarch. The lovely olive flesh-tones of this were a characteristic of her descendants for many a generation. Her grandson, Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond, born 1701, only son of the first Duke, who during the lifetime of his father was Earl of March, on the death of his grandmother Louise succeeded to the Dukedom of Aubigny in France. When but eighteen, he was married, to cancel a gambling debt, to Lady Sarah, eldest daughter of William, first

Earl of Cadogan. The youth objected to having his matrimony arranged in this manner, and especially to such a dowdy. He left her and England for several years. On returning to London, he went to the theatre and there saw a lady whose splendid beauty attracted him. He asked her name. It was Lady March. The deserted wife now became the object of the adoration of the Earl. By her he became the father of twelve children, the eldest of whom was Lady Georgina Caroline Lennox, born in 1723. In the days of her great-grandfather the King, a prudent faithful adherent was Sir Stephen Fox. He had been a chorister boy in Salisbury Cathedral, but was ambitious and able. He rose fast, but one of the stages of his career was that of footman. He followed the fortunes of his royal patron, and was the first to announce the death of Cromwell to Charles, as he was playing tennis with Archduke Leopold and Don John. At the Restoration he became Clerk of the Green Cloth, afterwards Paymaster-General of the Forces and a Lord of the Treasury. His second wife was Christian, daughter of the Rev-

erend Charles Hope, whom he married when in his seventy-seventh year. By her he became the father of Stephen, created Earl of Ilchester, and of Henry, born in 1705, who was somewhat of a man about town in his youthful days, but entered Parliament in 1735, and in 1743, like his father, became a Lord of the Treasury. Now, Henry, son of the footman, came courting Lady Caroline, great-granddaughter of the King, but the haughty Duke, her father, would have none of it. He looked higher; and once when a suitor whom he favored called, the rebellious Caroline cut off her eyebrows so her appearance would not permit her being seen. In 1744, the lady flew to her lover, and was married at the house of his friend and schoolfellow at Eton, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the Duke of Marlborough, a friend of the Richmonds, giving her away. Sir Charles addressed some lines to Fox shortly afterwards:—

“ When Winnington and Fox with flow of soul,
With sense and wit, drove round the bowl,
Our hearts we opened and our converse free.
But now they both are lost, quite lost to me :

One to a mistress gives up all his life,
And one from me flies wisely to his wife ;
This proves the highest joys that men can prove,
The joys of truth and of alternate love."

The match made a tumult in town, and even affected politics. It took four years for forgiveness to come to the couple. Fox was able and of agreeable manners. Chesterfield said he had no fixed principles of religion or morality. He was a power in the Government. Again, like unto his father, he became Paymaster-General of the Forces, in which position he was accused of having much money stick to his fingers, and on his death his executors had to refund £200,000. Lady Caroline had a face firm and strong in its features and with much character. She was painted by Hogarth as Cydria in the Conquest of Mexico, performed before the Duke of Cumberland and Princesses Mary and Louisa, and is in the Holland House collection. She was also painted by Ramsay and Reynolds, and in miniature by Collins. Lady Caroline acted as a mother to her brothers and sisters. Lady Emily was, like her-

self, a beauty, and married James, twentieth Earl of Kildare, in 1746; but the flower of the family was the seventh and youngest daughter and eleventh child, Lady Sarah, born in 1745. We first hear of her taking part in private theatricals, in 1761,—a favorite form of diversion among the patricians in those days. Walpole's account of it is very interesting: “There was a play at Holland House acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was Jane Shore; the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive; and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When

Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy, Henry Edward, of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap."

At this time George III. had been but a few months a king. He was a young man of twenty-three, and had made a good impression on the country.

Lady Hervey writes: "I have the best opinion imaginable of him; not from anything he does or says just now, but because I have a moral certainty that he was in the nursery the honestest, true, and good-natured child that ever lived, and you know my old maxim that qualities never change." In person he was tall and dignified, with a good-natured, florid countenance. There was decency and an effort at dignity in his character. Rumor had it that in 1754 he had become enamoured of a young Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, and had been married to her in Curzan St. Chapel, Mayfair,— his confidante in the

intrigue being the notorious Miss Chudleigh, his mother's maid of honor, afterwards Duchess of Kingston. This may have been an escapade of his youth, but it ill accords with what we know of his later, well-regulated, phlegmatic, formal life.

St. James' Palace is anigh to Holland House, and the young monarch often saw and was smitten with his lovely subject. On the fourth of June, 1761, was the first anniversary of the King's birthday since his accession, and the occasion was observed with magnificence. At St. James', Lady Sarah was observed of all. She exceeded the splendor of Haroun Alraschid and the "Arabian Nights." The King's confidante of his passion was Lady Susan Strangways. He asked her if she did not know somebody who would grace a wedding ceremony in the properest manner. At this she was much embarrassed, thinking he meant herself; but he went on and said, "I mean your friend, Lady Sarah Lennox. Tell her I say so; and let me have her answer by next Drawing-Room day." Lady Sarah used to meet the King in his rides early in the morning, driving a little chaise with

Lady Susan; and once it is said that, wanting to speak to him, she went dressed like a servant-maid, and stood amid the crowd in the guard-room to say a few words to him as he passed by. Lord Bute was under orders to interrupt *tête-à-têtes*; while Lady Sarah's family, especially her ambitious brother-in-law, Fox, favored the meetings. In front of Holland House, on the fine summer mornings, in the broad meadows of that interesting old mansion, Lady Sarah, attired in a half-fancy costume resembling a peasant's, was to be seen gracefully taking her share in the labors of the haymakers. She was said to have been at the time in love with Lord Newbottle, afterwards Marquis of Lothian. It was now that Reynolds painted the picture of which we give a fragment,—one of the most noted pictures of the century and remaining in the Holland House collection. As Thackeray puts it, the dove that Lady Susan was trying to hand to Lady Sarah flew away. The King had her assist his German bride, Charlotte of Mecklenburg, as train-bearer, instead of being chief personage at the ceremony. She found herself

deprived of a crown and of her lover, Lord Newbottle, together, for he complained as much of her as she did of the King. Gone was her chance of the great position of queen, and gone the gladness, the glamour, and the glory of her dream. Of the ten unmarried daughters of dukes and earls who were bridesmaids, their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver, Lady Sarah was the chief angel. Walpole's comment is : "Lady Caroline Russell is extremely handsome; Lady Elizabeth Keppel very pretty, but with neither features nor air. Nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah; she has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family,— has better white and red than if she were made of pearls and rubies." Many years after the King at the theatre saw Mrs. Pope, who resembled Lady Sarah, and was heard to murmur, "She is like my Lady Sarah still." A few months after the coronation she whom the King failed to marry refused Lord Errol,— whose father, Kilmarnoch, was beheaded for his adherence to the Pretender; but the following year, in June, she was married to Sir Thomas Charles

Bunbury, Bart., who was known as the beau-ideal of an English sportsman, was the patron and father of the turf, also well known as a Whig politician, and was said to look like Sheridan. He represented the County of Suffolk for forty-five years. The union was not a happy one. They were divorced by Act of Parliament in 1776. Bunbury died in 1821, in his eighty-first year.

Lady Caroline Fox — who had been created, in 1762, Baroness Holland in her own right, her husband being made a peer as Baron Holland of Foxley the following year — died of a cancer in 1774, but twenty-three days after the death of her husband. She was thought much of by Walpole, who speaks well of her, who never said a good word of the Foxes when he could help it. The second Baron Holland died six months later than his parents. His wife, Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, who was of a most amiable and feminine softness of disposition, a beautiful character, died at the age of thirty-two.

In 1764, Lady Susannah Sarah Fox-Strangways, then twenty-three years of age — the eldest

daughter of Lord Ilchester — married, unknown to her family, at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, the actor, William O'Brien. She is described as a very pleasing girl, though not handsome, having the finest complexion, most beautiful hair, and prettiest person that was ever seen, a pretty mouth and remarkably fine teeth, and excess of bloom in her cheeks. Her lover carried on his courting by counterfeiting Lady Sarah Lennox's handwriting. Walpole's comment on the match was, "Marrying O'Brien was the completion of disgrace,—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification." The couple went to New York on their way to Ohio, where they had a grant of forty thousand acres. They soon drifted back to England, where her relatives secured a government position for her husband. She died at Stinsford in Dorset in 1827.

Reynolds painted Lady Sarah Bunbury half kneeling before a tripod altar with a group of Graces above. In 1779, we find a note in a letter, "Lady Sarah still looks prettier and fresher than

an angel of Correggio ; " and in 1781 the Prince of Wales said he did not wonder at his father's admiring her, and was persuaded she had not been more beautiful then. In 1782, she married George Napier, sixth son of Francis, fifth Lord Napier, and by him became the mother of five sons known as " the fighting Napiers," one of whom was General Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and the third was Sir William, historian of the Peninsular War. She died in 1826, aged eighty-two. During her last years she was completely blind, at which time her early lover, the King, was blind also, and sorrowful with many burdens. Her influence on her time was not powerful, nor her personality pervasive ; nevertheless her story appeals to students of the period, and she will always be referred to as " lovely Lady Sarah."





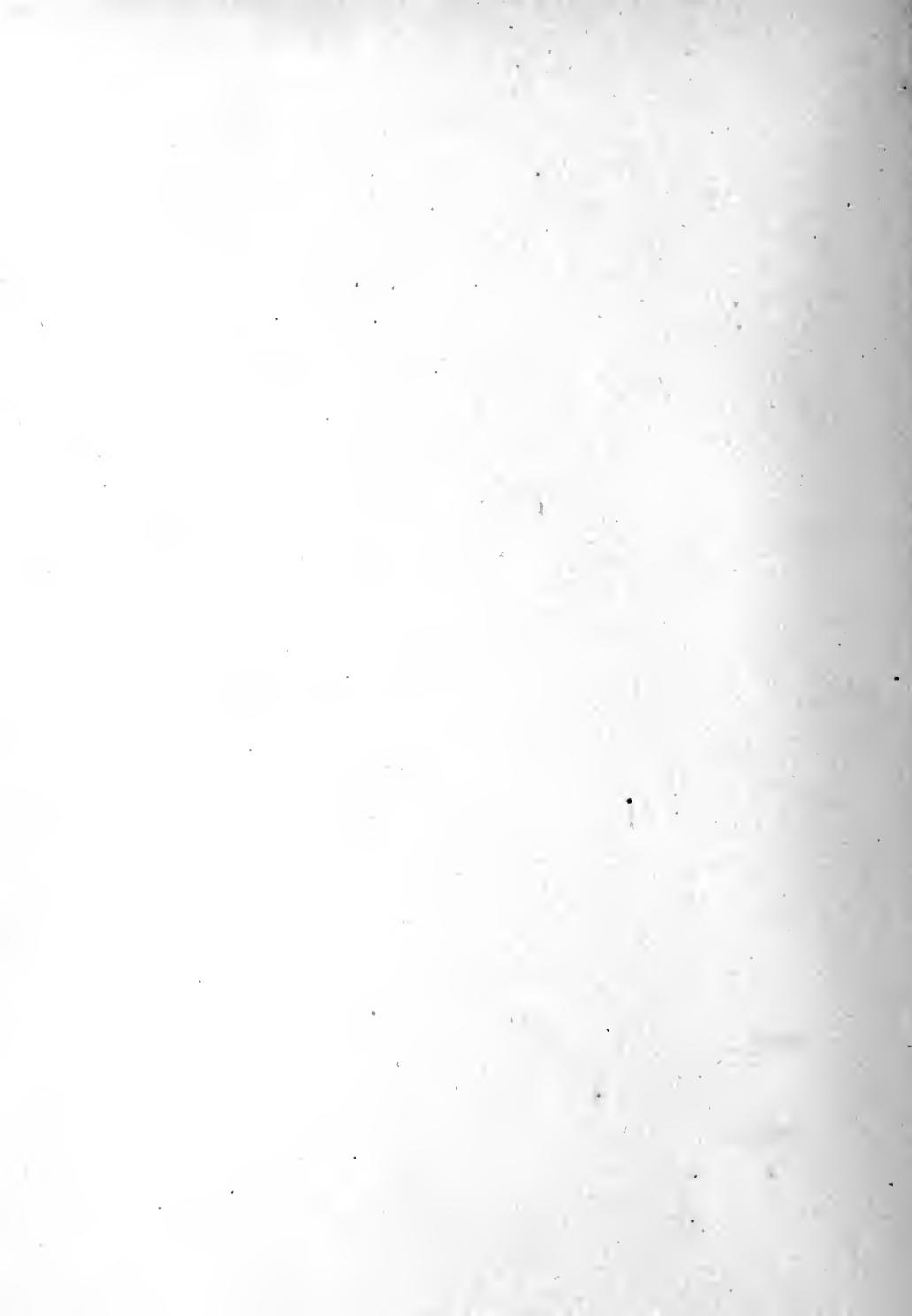


PASSES AVANT

CIELUM NON ANIMUM



Lady Waldegrave
and daughter Laura.





THE unconventional marriage of Maria Walpole to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was not unique in its manner in the Walpole family. Old Sir Robert had a daughter by Miss Sherret, a French refugee stay-maker, whom he afterwards married, and who died in 1783, at the age of eighty-seven. His second son, Sir Edward, had four children by Dorothy Clement of Durham, a milliner's apprentice. A son, Edward, died in 1771. The three daughters became extremely beautiful women; and of these three Graces, Maria, the second, was the supreme beauty. The eldest, Laura, married Dr. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter and Dean of Windsor, fourth son of William Anne, second

Earl of Albemarle. The youngest, Charlotte, whose mother died at her birth, became the wife of Lionel Tolmache, Lord Huntingtower, Earl of Dysart, in 1771. She was a sweet character. Indeed, her uncle Horace said that a more faultless being existed not within his knowledge; and the worldly gossipier was moved to write a most tender epitaph, recalling her virtues and graces. James, the second Earl of Waldegrave, was a worthy man, of high standing at Court. He was firm in the King's favor, and easy in circumstances. He had been selected as tutor to the Prince of Wales (George III.). He is quoted as saying at that time, "If I dared, I would make this excuse to the King, 'Sir, I am too young to govern and too old to be governed.'" A man of stricter honor and more reasonable sense could not have been selected for the employment. It was said of him that he did just what was wise, and nothing more. In 1759, his wisdom led him to marry Maria Walpole. Horace claimed the credit of the match. We have his own claim to it. "I am marrying my niece Maria to Lord Waldegrave. What say you? A month ago I

was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit he is the first match in England; for beauty I think she is. . . . My brother has luckily been tractable, and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage when they let me dispose of them,—a Knight of the Garter for my niece." Of that beauty we cull many accounts from the pages of the admiring Horace. She had a warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and a person that was perfect. Her only defect was that her face was rather round. And with all her charms of feature she had the greater ones of manner, of wit, of vivacity, and withal perfect modesty,—albeit she was ambitious. Of the wedding of Maria to the Earl, we have sketches by Horace. A sensible wedding it was, without form or indecency. The bride was in a white-and-silver gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it being handsomer than ever,—a cold maiden blush giving her the sweetest delicacy in the world. Her married

happiness was not for long. In April, 1763, the good Earl died of the small-pox. Besides the memory of an unblemished character and three lovely children, he left but little to his widow. The earldom went to his brother, who was kept out of it for several months by the widow on the possibility of an heir by her appearing.

In her widowhood, Maria was the most captivating and commanding beauty of the day, with all the bloom of freshness and youth. She suffered not for lack of suitors, of whom a most persistent was the Duke of Portland, the best match in England.

In 1764, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was nineteen years of age. He was, like his brothers, illy educated, and was least tenderly treated by his mother, whom he reproached for her unkind treatment, but he was fond of his brother the King. At this time he became enamoured of Waldegrave's widow. Her uncle Horace, with the approbation of her father, advised Maria to write her royal lover, pointing out the indifferent repute which his attentions were calculated to entail on her, and renouncing his friendship

on the double plea that she was too considerable a person to become his mistress, and of too little consideration to become his wife. The loyal lover would not give her up. He married her. Yes! On the sixth of September, 1766, at her own house, by her own chaplain. But the couple kept it quiet. At a masquerade in 1770,

“Waldegrave’s fair widow looked buxom as ever;
Full many a lover, who longed to accost her,
Was kept at a distance by Humphry of Gloster.”

They seemed desirous of proclaiming the nature of their connection to the world, by the Duke appearing in the character of Edward IV. and our Lady as Elizabeth Woodville,—the latter being habited in gray and pearls, with a black veil.

In May, 1772, she thought well to advise her father of her marriage. Sir Edward was not fond of high society, and was without parade, so was not jubilant at having a prince for a son-in-law. In the course of the year her brother-in-law, the King, was advised, and he was exceeding wrathful. Her royalty was established

shortly before the birth of the Princess Sophia Matilda, in May, 1773. The King deputed the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop of London, to examine proofs of the marriage. They reported on its regularity. The King set his face against the favorite brother, and would not see his Duchess, nor make provision for his children. Of her at this time Uncle Horace writes: "Her prudence has been perfect. Her character is invulnerable, and it gives me more pleasure she has preserved the honor she had, than that she has obtained this great honor, which does not dazzle me at all." And again, "Her spirits, like her uncle's, do not sink under difficulties; her beauty, I think they augment." In June, 1774, Princess Caroline was born, who died in March, 1775. These were days of darkness and difficulties. The couple travelled on the Continent, staying a considerable time in Florence and Rome. The Duke was extremely ill and worried. The estrangement of the King pained him exceedingly. In 1775, Horace writes: "His heart is broken, and yet his firmness and coolness are amazing. I pity her be-

yond measure; and it is not a time to blame her having accepted an honor which so few women could have resisted, and scarce one ever has resisted." Blame her? No, indeed! not if she loved him and not his coronet, and she appears to have done so most truly. The Duke's marrying her is one of the few, bright, noble, natural spots in the picture of that whole ignominious family of Teuton-English chuckle-heads to which he belonged.

At Venice nothing ever exceeded the distinction paid to them, though they were both warm and hurt at the indignation they received from the English.

In Rome, in 1776, the Pope was a perfect knight-errant in courtesy and gallantry to them, and enjoined all attention from his college and nobility.

In January, 1776, a son had been born, and yet the King made no sign.

The following year the Duchess writes touchingly to her father: "A broken heart cannot stand an Italian climate in the summer. I find the great comfort of religion now. Fred, my

little boy, has grown thin. I cannot bear to part with him, although he has little chance of ever having anything to live upon but a commission in the Austrian service." The Duke went to Switzerland, and was extremely ill there, and distressed because of continued neglect and repulse.

"There was once a King of the Hanover race
Who had more sense within than appeared on his face,
And yet though his headpiece was not his best part,
It was excellent good if compared with his heart."

At last, word came from the King, but, oh, so guarded a letter of endearment! But even this was some balm for a loyal brother. In June, 1780, the King and his royal brother of Gloucester and Cumberland were finally reconciled. From this on, the days of the Duchess were more fraught with comfort. She had been a good mother to her Waldegrave daughters, and now they had bloomed into beauties fair as herself.

The eldest, Lady Elizabeth Laura, married in May, 1782, her cousin George, Viscount Chewton, afterwards fourth Earl Waldegrave, by whom she

was mother of the fifth and sixth Earls. She died at Strawberry Hill in 1816. Uncle Horace wrote her a certificate of character, as he did also of her sisters.

Of Elizabeth, in 1771, he says, "A person who has rank, beauty, the best education, and most charming character, with uncommon sense and prudence." Of the second daughter, Charlotte Marian, "I do not know so perfect a young woman; she has all her father's sense and temper and the utmost discretion." This discretion did not restrain her from indulging in the unconventional form of marriage; it ran in the blood. In 1784, she eloped with George Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston, who became Duke of Grafton in 1811. "It is not the style of our Court to have long negotiations; we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places," is the comment of Horace. "If sense and sweetness of temper can constitute the chief felicity of a husband, Lord Euston will not be unhappy." "The Duke of Grafton has sent word to Lord Euston that he will continue his allowance. That he will be

satisfied with Lady Euston, if she ever has the happiness of being known to him, I am persuaded." The Countess died in 1808. The third daughter, Anne Horatia, "a beautiful girl like her mother, though not of so sublime a style of beauty," was unfortunate enough to lose her betrothed, the Duke of Ancaster, who died; but she married in 1786, Lord Hugh Conway Seymour, M. P., fifth son of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, K. G., and died in 1801. Sir Joshua's portrait-piece of these ladies has made them forever famous.

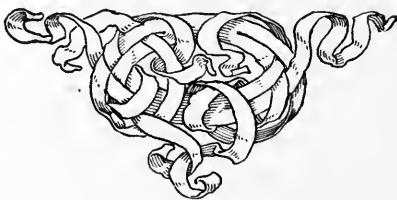
The Duke of Gloucester died in 1805. He was buried in military uniform, and on his finger a ring, an early love-gift from his Princess. He had been true to her all his life. Almost unique among the royalties of those days! His common understanding had nothing shining, yet he never said a weak thing. He was succeeded by his son, a good, amiable, and honest man, with intellect not as strong as his virtues. He married, in 1816, Princess Mary, youngest daughter of George III., who died in 1857. He was charitable, yet careful of his money. He died in 1834.

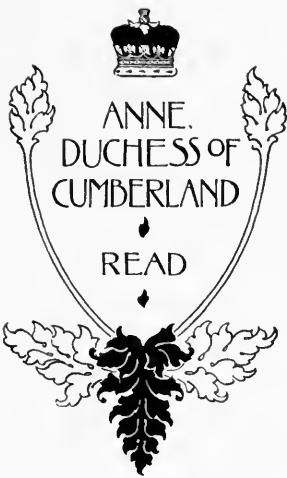
The Duchess of Gloucester did not regret her marriage to royalty. We find no evidence that she made other than a good wife, except in the satires of Duke Walcott, who speaks of —

“A certain high and mighty Duchess
Hugging her husband in her catlike clutches,
Longing to shine a first-rate star at court,
For satire’s pen a subject of rare sport,
Longing to purify a luckless brood
Deep-stained and smelling of its native mud.”

This is surely unjust, though from the circumstances of her marriage she laid herself open to comment. Sir Joshua painted her often; indeed, it was said that the artist himself had a tender sentiment toward her, for Leslie tells that in a side-pocket of Sir Joshua’s pocket-book for 1759 was found a delicate golden-brown tress in a paper inscribed “Lady Waldegrave.” A full-length picture of her in her robes as a peeress was the first painted. A well-known one of her in a gauze turban was exhibited in 1761. This went to the Strawberry Hill collection. In 1762, the picture we give was exhibited under the title “Dido embracing Cupid,” the child being the

infantine Lady Laura. In 1764, a picture of the then Dowager Countess of Waldegrave was shown. Of this Leslie writes: "The painting is indeed worthy of its lovely original, whom Sir Joshua seems to have painted with peculiar enjoyment. The fair widow leans her head upon her hand, and looks upwards, as if for consolation and strength; her arm is supported on her knee; she is in mourning, with a black veil over her head."













THE Luttrells were an Irish family whose reputation for dignity of character was not high. They had been attached to and had deserted James II. Through several generations they had acquired repute for contention, eccentricity, and general arrogance and oddity of conduct, though they were far from lacking in ability. Simon Luttrell, Lord Irenham, who was raised to the peerage as Earl of Carhampton, about 1770, had a family of five,—three sons and two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth. Col. Henry Louis Luttrell, who succeeded to the earldom in 1787, acted a conspicuous part in politics, when he, on behalf of the King's party, opposed the radical Wilkes at Brentford in the notable contest for Middlesex. He was a man of great

activity and aggressiveness,—with high spirit, though socially agreeable and tactful. At one time he quarrelled with, and was challenged by, his father, but refused to fight,—because his father was no gentleman. At another time of family bickering, he shut his father and mother out of his mansion in Ireland. Col. Temple Luttrell was another son, who had some repute as a writer of verses.

Lady Anne was a great beauty, whose amorous eyes raised her to a higher rank than was attained by the coronet-hunting Gunnings even. She married, first, Mr. Christopher Horton of Derbyshire, and in June, 1769, a son was born to her. Shortly afterwards, she lost this only child and her husband within a fortnight. A complete inventory of her charms has been preserved to us, and clever she was in the use of them. Coquettish, artful as Cleopatra, coolly calculating, and completely mistress of her passions and projects, the main coloring of the picture of her character is high. Considerable Irish wit, and an ability to dance divinely, were accessories in the composition. Of her appearance, prettiness was

the keynote rather than positive beauty. Her figure was well-formed and her carriage graceful, yet her chief glory was in her eyes. Large, lustrous, and lovely they were, and she knew it.

The sons of that unfilial, inconsequent heir to the throne, Frederick, Prince of Wales, seem to have let their attachments drift towards widows. The second son, Edward, Duke of York, had his affection for the eccentric daughter of the second Duke of Argyll, Lady Mary Coke. This lady's husband had been an unprincipled character, dissipated, and a gambler, and Lady Mary left him several years before his death. She travelled much on the Continent, having a weakness always for the company of royalties, became intimate with the Duke of York, and on his death at Monaco, in 1767, went into mourning for six months as his widow. She is best remembered by the lines on her by Lady Temple :—

“ She sometimes laughs, but never loud ;
She 's handsome too, but somewhat proud ;
At court she bears away the bell ;
She dresses fine and figures well ;
With decency she 's gay and airy ;
Who can this be but Lady Mary ? ”

The third son of Frederick was William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and he, too, fell a victim to a widow, the lovely Lady Waldegrave. The fourth son, Henry Frederick, born October, 1745, more inconsequent even than his father, except for the evil he could do, made an early record for himself, not for attachments to widows, but to married women. His first public appearance was in a position which no prince of the blood had ever before occupied,—that of co-respondent in a divorce court. Henrietta, daughter of Henry Vernon, was married to Lord Grosvenor in 1764,—a romantic marriage. Being caught in a rain-storm while she was walking in Kensington Gardens, Lord Grosvenor, struck with her beauty, offered her, and a young lady who was with her, seats in his carriage. The offer was accepted, and his Lordship accompanied them home. An intimacy ensued, ending in the marriage, and she became the mother of Robert, second Earl of Grosvenor. About 1770, the Duke of Cumberland, characterized by Walpole as “a pert, chattering, dissipated, and frivolous youth,” began to idolize her. At one time he followed her to

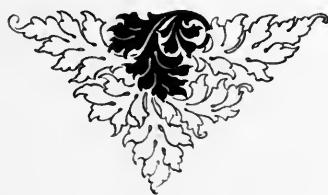
Eaton Hall near Chester, where he frequently met her in the fields. In "The Gentleman's Magazine" of that time will be found complete accounts of the intrigues brought out by the testimony. His devices and subterfuges were laughable; and the exposition of ignorance, vulgarity, and vice made in his letters to her was deplorable. The King was greatly incensed by the affair; and the people attempted to make another point against the Dowager-Princess, by attributing the Duke's lack of training to the methods of his mother. The plaintiff in the suit was awarded £10,000 damages. After the action, the Duke abandoned her. Thirty years afterwards she remarried, becoming the wife of Gen. George Porter, M.P. The public depreciation of the Duke's vices did not make him more circumspect in his amours. He soon intrigued with another married woman, the handsome wife of a timber merchant; and it was uncertain who was most proud of the honor, the husband or the wife. After this he became infatuated with the Widow Horton, she being twenty-four at the time and he some years

younger, and attempted to insinuate himself into her good graces, but she knew a thing or two. She would have no trifling. She saw her chance to play for rank and royalty. Glory was her passion, and she sacrificed her lover to it, as she had never sacrificed her virtue to her lover. It had to be straight marriage or nothing. The swain succumbed, and they were married in October, 1771, at the lady's residence in Hertford Street, Mayfair. They left to travel on the Continent, and the King was apprised by an off-hand letter from the Duke at Calais. His displeasure at the divorce proceedings was greatly intensified by this latest escapade of his weak-witted brother. Orders were given that they should not be received at foreign courts. The King exerted himself to have the Royal Marriage Bill passed, providing that no member of the royal family could enter in a marriage relation before he or she was twenty-four years of age without consent of the King, and after that age only after a year's notice of such intention had been given to Parliament. The support of this measure became a test of personal loyalty to the King,

and it was passed in 1772. After spending some years on the Continent, principally at Avignon, economizing their expenses, the pair returned to London and established themselves at Cumberland House in Pall Mall. Here they attempted to institute a small court, but there were conditions that nullified their projects. Their married life was not a happy one. As Walpole puts it, "The honeymoon had waned to half a moon even before they left England." The King held his sister-in-law in strict alienation, and the Duke was avoided by all his royal relatives and society, his friends being confined to kinspeople of the Duchess. His manners and vulgarity repelled people of refinement. On the other hand, the Duchess was a woman who did the honors of hostess with consummate tact and dignity. The avoidance of them by society had its effect, however, on her temper and spirit. She was always haughty, and after her rise in rank made undue insistence on the recognition of her position. Carlton and Cumberland houses communicated behind by their gardens. Rumor had it that the Duchess lent herself to help on,

or to gratify, the Prince of Wales' inclination on some points beyond the limits of propriety. The Duke had early exercised an evil influence on his nephew's character by leading him into places of debauchery, and now the Duchess carried on the evil by facilitating intrigues. Her sister, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, lived with her, and was more a match in manners and tastes for the Duke than the Duchess. She was far from beautiful, was coarse in her manners, unprincipled in her conduct, and developed a passion for gaming that soon brought her to penury. Then came the tragical end,—suicide by poison. The Duke ended his inglorious career in 1790, dying of a scrofulous malady in his forty-fifth year. His Duchess lived until 1803. Several portraits of her were painted which justify the descriptions of her beauty. Gainsborough painted one which was engraved by Valentine Green, and again one in conjunction with Cosway. A whole-length, by Reynolds, representing her standing by a column, is extremely pleasing. The picture by Catharine Read is one of the few portraits known to us by that painter which

establish her ability. Little is known of this artist. Fanny Burney describes her as “the Rosalba of Britain, whose works and whose fame were so at variance with each other, the works all loveliness, their author saturnine, cold, taciturn, absent to an extreme, awkward, and full of mischarms in every motion ; ill accoutred, even beyond negligence, in her dress ; and plain enough to produce grotesquely an effect that was almost ludicrously picturesque. Heart, kind ; temper, humane ; friendship, zealous. Misfortunes in early life embittered her existence and kept it wavering in a miserable balance between heartless apathy and pining discontent.” She went to the East Indies to live, but returned to England, and died in London.





FRANCES ANNE.
LADY CREWE
REYNOLDS



SUPERIOR NEE INFERIOR



Mrs Crewe
and
Mrs Bouverie





TRUE BLUE AND
MRS CREWE.



SIR FULKE GREVILLE, Lord Brooke, of old Elizabethan days, to whom Warwick Castle was given by James I., erected his own tomb in Warwick Church, and inscribed thereon, "The friend of Sir Philip Sidney." A descendant of his, Fulke Greville, second son of Fulke, fifth Baron Brooke, is known to posterity chiefly as the friend and first patron of a person scarcely less noble and chivalrous than Sidney,—Dr. Charles Burney, the composer,—but also as the father of her, the peerless beauty, who was high favorite among the Whigs of Fox's time. Carrying himself with great dignity and distinction of manner, he was regarded as one of the finest gentlemen of his time. His appearance was

impressive. He was tall and well-proportioned, with face, features, and complexion firm and clear. He had an athlete's form and all an athlete's zest for action and sport, which conserved the commanding force of that figure, and a splendid fortune gave him a consequence about town.

Though having a liking for music, letters, and all the fine things of culture, and making friends among the thoughtful and learned, his character was so ill-commensurate with his appearance that he drifted into circles of modish dissipation at the clubs of St. James Street, at the gaming resorts of Bath. He was a determined devotee of pleasure. In the gay, the reckless society of Bath, he became a conspicuous figure and a participant in the fashionable vices. Gaming became a passion, and this habit afterwards depleted his fortune. Though of this fast set, he wedded, not one of the giddy daughters of fashion, but a deeply thoughtful woman as well as a beautiful one. This was Fanny Macartney, third daughter of General James Macartney,—an Irishman of ancient family and large fortunes. She was unconventional in manner, with an understand-

ing masculine in its depth, soundness, and capacity; was a veritable treasure-house of wit, and evidenced an uncommon indifference to high rank, if placed in opposition to superior merit. Her features were small and fine, and the whole style of her beauty was delicate and feminine. She is the *Flora* in Walpole's "Beauties," and has some claim to literary fame as the author of an "Ode to Indifference." The wedding was a stolen one, no one knew why. Macartney remarked, "Mr. Greville has chosen to take a wife out of the window whom he might as well have taken out of the door." Young Burney was an accomplice in his patron's plot, and the bride's sisters were present. The couple retired to Wilbury house, the family seat near Andover, in Wiltshire, and here they lived in princely style. It was a home of much comfort as well as pleasure. Charles Burney remained as friend and companion to Mr. Greville until he himself was married. Amateur theatricals was a frequent form of diversion, and in this the bride was a proficient. But Burney had ere long, in 1744, to personate the part of godfather to a

daughter, standing as the representative of the Duke of Beaufort at the baptism of Frances Anne, afterward the all-admired and indescribably beautiful Mrs. Crewe. Shortly after this the Grevilles left for the Continent, and spent five years there, during which time Mr. Greville published "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections, Moral, Serious, and Entertaining," a book in the Rochefoucauld manner.

In time a daughter came to Dr. Burney, and she too was named Frances; and it is from her writings that we obtain so many pleasant records of eighteenth-century life. On his return to England, Mr. Greville indulged his insatiable love of gaming. The pace soon told. Frequent losses and ill-luck in investments became irritating. He was on the high-road from a man of pleasure to a man of spleen. The superb Mr. Greville, magnificent in mien and manner, grew fastidious and cavilling in general society. He secured an appointment as Envoy Extraordinary to the Elector of Bavaria and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Diet of Ratisbon in 1765, which he held for four years. His daughter had grown

up, inheriting all her mother's wit, and more than her mother's moiety of beauty. It was radiant, matchless bloom of beauty, a roseate freshness which was prolonged to nearly the end of her life. With the fineness of coloring, was also a chaste modelling of feature, and withal her "ways were engirt with grace divine."

Miss Greville was several times a sitter to Sir Joshua. Though the painter wrought his great renown by his portrayal chiefly of the Tory nobility, yet his intimates were of the intellectual radicals among whom Mrs. Crewe companioned as colleague and reigned as queen. Our artist was a worshipper at the throne of our "Lady of Beauty," and took pleasure in avowing it in converse as well as on canvas. She first sat to him in 1760 with her brother, for the picture entitled "Cupid and Psyche,"—two whole-length portraits. The figure of Cupid was afterwards cut out by Mr. Greville and replaced by a tripod, in consequence of a quarrel with his son. In another picture she is seated at the base of a tree, her chin resting in her hand as she, rather pensively, reads a book. A poodle

dog lies at her feet, while lambs are grouped near by. In the background there is a meadow landscape. The best-known portrait of her is the one in the picture of which we give a fragment, and which we learn from Reynolds' pocket-book was painted in 1767. In the complete picture is a sarcophagus, towards which a Mrs. Bouverie is extending her hand, and this is the reason for the almost sad serenity of the face. "The Gentleman's Magazine" records the marriage of John Crewe with Miss Fawkener on the 17th of May, 1764. This marriage of Crewe to a sister of Mrs. Bouverie has been overlooked by the Peerage compilers. The recent death of that sister, who had been married the same year as herself, is supposed to have been the motive for the artist depicting her drawing the thoughts of her dearest friend, Miss Greville, to meditations on the tomb. Henrietta or Harriet Bouverie was a daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, who was many years Ambassador at the Porte, and died in 1758. His widow, daughter of General Churchill, afterwards married Governor Pownall. Her husband, Edward Bouverie, was

younger brother to the Earl of Radnor. Mrs. Bouverie and her son Edward, born 1767 and died 1858, were painted in 1769 by Reynolds, who also painted a son of Mrs. Crewe — Master John Crewe — in 1775. This, a whole-length, in costume of Henry VIII., is one of his most noted children's portraits. In a Walpole letter of 1782 is this sentence, "Mrs. Bouverie is a great politician too. The trade will grow more entertaining if the ladies make it the fashion." They did make it the vogue, and it became much more entertaining for a time than ever in these latter days, — days of the Primrose League and the "new woman." Mrs. Bouverie was married a second time, when over sixty years of age, to Lord Robert Spencer, youngest son of the second Duke of Marlborough, and she died in 1825, at Woolbeding, Sussex, in her seventy-sixth year. Miss Greville was married in 1768 to John Crewe, Esq., of Crewe Hall, Cheshire (born in 1742), Sheriff of Cheshire in 1764, and M. P. for Stafford in 1765, and for the County of Chester from 1768 to 1800. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Crewe by his friend Fox in 1806, and

died in 1829. As her husband was of the Whig party, she, through the entertainment of and association with his friends, became active in exploiting the principles and policies of that party. Her conversational powers, her wit and her beauty, gave her a prestige only equalled by that of the Duchess of Devonshire.

In the exultation following the election of Fox, from Westminster, the festivities of the *fête* at Carlton House were continued in the evening at Mrs. Crewe's townhouse. It is best described by a paragraph from Wraxall's "Memoirs" :—

"The scene of festivity became transferred on the same night to Lower Grosvenor Street, where Mrs. Crewe, the lady of Mr. Crewe, gave a splendid entertainment, in commemoration of the victory obtained over ministers in Covent Garden. Though necessarily conducted on a more limited scale than that of the morning, it exhibited not less its own appropriate features, and was composed of nearly the same company. Mrs. Crewe, the intimate friend of Fox, one of the most accomplished and charming women of her time, had exerted herself in securing his election, if not as efficaciously,

yet as enthusiastically, as the Duchess of Devonshire. On this occasion the ladies, no less than the men, were all habited in blue and buff. The Prince of Wales was present in that dress. After supper a toast having been given by his Royal Highness, consisting of the words 'True Blue, and Mrs. Crewe,' which was received with rapture, she rose and proposed another health, expressive of her gratitude, and not less laconic; namely, 'True Blue, and all of you.'"

Fox was always an ardent admirer, and in 1775 wrote some adulatory lines to her which Walpole printed for him on the Strawberry Hill Press,—love-lines without being amatory. He begins,

"Where the loveliest expression to feature is joined,
By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd,
Where blushes unbidden and smiles without art
Speak the sweetness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face,
Sure philosophy, reason and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love."

And he then goes on to further laud her loveliness, but also to say why, for all this, he is not a

captive of love. They are lines written with ease and taste, though without imagination.

More excellent in phrasing, in subtle compliment, and impulsive in feeling are Sheridan's lines in his dedication to her of his comedy "The School for Scandal." They are interesting to us, too, for their analysis of the constituent charms and attractive attributes of her beauty and manner. A long quotation only will suffice:

"Vain Muse ! Couldst thou the humblest sketch create
Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate ;
Could thy blest strain in kindred colors trace
The faintest wonder of her form and face,—
Poets would study the immortal line,
And Reynolds own his art subdued by thine ;
That art which well might added lustre give
To Nature's best, and Heaven's superlative :
On Granby's cheek might bid new glories rise,
Or point a purer beam from Devon's eyes !

•

Adorning fashion, unadorned by dress,
Simple from taste and not from carelessness ;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild ;
No state has Amoret ; no studied mien ;
She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen.

The softer charm that in her manner lies,
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise ;
It justly suits the expression of her face, —
'T is less than dignity and more than grace !
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That formed by Heaven to be admired so much,
The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fixed a further crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast —
Inshrinéd modesty — supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint ?
Strip them of smiles, — still, still all words are faint !
Clothed with such grace, with such expression fraught,
They move in meaning, and they pause in thought !
But dost thou farther watch, with charmed surprise,
The mild irresolution of her eyes,
Curious to mark how frequent they repose,
In brief eclipse and momentary close, —
Ah ! seest thou not an ambushed Cupid there,
Too tim'rous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light,
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight ?
Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,
In pardoning dimples hope a safe retreat.

.

Thus lovely, thus adorned, possessing all
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall.
. . . . half mistrustful of her beauty's store,
She barbs with wit those darts too keen before ;

Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,
Though Greville, or the Muse, should deign to teach.

A taste for mirth, by contemplation schooled,
A turn for ridicule, by candor ruled,
A scorn of folly which she tries to hide ;
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride ! ”

She entertained much at her villa at Hamps-
ted, where Lord Loughborough was a neighbor,
and also the egotistic Erskine. Fanny Burney
has recorded a visit to her fair godmother there :

“ We were received by Mrs. Crewe with much
kindness. The room was rather dark, and she
had a veil to her bonnet, half-down, and with
this aid she looked still in a full blaze of beauty.
I was wholly astonished. Her bloom, perfectly
natural, is as high as that of Augusta Locke
when in her best looks, and the form of her
face is so exquisitely perfect that my eye never
met it without fresh admiration. She is cer-
tainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty
of any woman I ever saw. I know not, even
now, any female in her first youth who could
bear the comparison. She uglifies everything
near her.” Here, as in town, a radical company

assembled. Burke and his brother Richard, Elliot, Dr. Burney, and others were there at this special time, and active were the discussions of radical principles. A remark by Burke apart from politics is worthy our notice. He said of Mrs. Delany, "She was a pattern of a perfect fine lady, a real fine lady, of other days! Her manners were faultless; her deportment was all elegance, her speech was all sweetness, and her air and address all dignity." This must have warmed the heart of Miss Fanny, to whom the gentle lady of an earlier generation was most dear. At this villa the Sheridans were always welcome. Here came too, as frequent visitors, Tickell, General Burgoyne, and later Canning and Lawrence.

Though her greatest repute has been as a political and fashionable leader at the Capital, that is not the finest phase of her character. She knew the obligations of her position as mistress of a great country house. Crewe Hall, built in the reign of James I., was a great, half-Gothic half-Grecian building, and her husband was one of the politest of men in his own house. As a

landlord, he was considerate and wise. His lady was markedly beloved of her people. She established and taught in schools, and for her many good works she was styled "The Abbess." Her family, too, she ruled well. Her daughter became the Honorable Mrs. Cunliffe Offley. Though a welcome visitor at the houses of the nobility, and being at her pleasure domiciliated at the various mansions of the Duke of Portland,—from the marriage of one of her brothers with Lady Charlotte Bentinck, a daughter of his Grace,—Mrs. Crewe showed to greatest advantage as hostess rather than guest. In the high-ceiled Jacobean dining-hall, seated at the head of her table, around which was gathered a noble company,—a company selected for their high ability in statesmanship, letters, or art,—"Our Lady of Beauty" was at her best : only to look, to speak, to smile, to give pleasure and win homage, yet eager for whatever was original in thought or speech; sportively loquacious, yet regally dignified, peerless, supreme.

She died in 1818, and was interred in the family vault at Barthomley, Cheshire. She had

two sons and two daughters, her eldest son succeeding to his father's peerage.

Viewed through the atmosphere and mist of a dozen decades, whose "hand compassionate guards our restless sight against how many a harshness, many an ill," hers was an altogether lovely character. Though associated with the shameless set of the Regent, she had no part in their dissoluteness. She did kindness upon kindness unto her friends and dependents. Her dower of beauty gave largess of delight to high and low. She felt the full force of *noblesse oblige*.









Duchess of Gordon



HER GRACE OF GORDON

HER Grace was a woman of incisive personality, who contemned conventionality and etiquette ; but who in her own person was regarded as the arbiter of social affairs, and was termed "the Empress of Fashion." Jane, known in song as "Jenny of Monreith" and "The Flower of Galloway," was the second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, third Baronet of Monreith, Wigtownshire, by his wife, Magdalen Blair of Blair, and was born in 1749 in Hyndford's Close, Edinburgh, where her mother occupied a large second-floor flat. As a young girl, she was a boisterous hoiden. Lord Erskine, whose home was at the head of Gray's Close, used to tell of her being sent to the fountain-well in front of John

Knox's house for a kettle of water, and of her riding home on the back of a pig turned out of a neighboring wynd in the High Street, while her sister Eglintoun, commonly called Betty, thumped the pig with a stick.

But the romping girl ripened into a comely young gentlewoman, albeit one of high spirit. In 1767, Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, came wooing the beautiful Jenny. He was twenty-four years of age, tall and extremely handsome. He had succeeded his father to the dukedom in 1752, and in 1761 was made one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland. Lord Kames described him as the greatest subject in Britain, not only in the extent of his rent-roll, but also in the number of persons depending on his rule and protection. The allurement of position and the urging of her own family led Miss Maxwell to accept the Duke. She was married from the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Fordyce, who had married her sister Catharine in Argyll Street, Edinburgh.

As a girl, she had been strongly attached to a young officer, who reciprocated her affection.

The soldier was ordered abroad with his regiment, and shortly afterwards was reported dead. After the first burst of grief had spent itself, she sank into a state of listlessness and apathy that seemed immovable. "The dead pass quickly." She married the Duke ; but when on their wedding tour they visited Ayton House in Berwickshire, and there the Duchess received a letter addressed to her in her maiden name and in the hand of her early lover. He was, he said, on his way home to complete their happiness by marriage. She fled from the house, and was found after long search by the side of a burn, nearly crazed. She plunged into all sorts of gayety and excitement, and though she afterwards became an excellent mother, never evinced any attachment for the Duke. In 1770, her eldest son was born, and for him, who developed into one of the most popular of the young nobility of the period, she always had an extreme fondness. Her husband was an easy-going man, caring for rural pursuits and sports ; his son George was a man of stronger personality and greater spirit. He was trained to a military career. He commanded

the grenadier company of the Forty-second Highlanders; afterwards was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the Third Footguards, and went to Flanders with his regiment in the Duke of York's army. On his return he raised a regiment of Highlanders on the paternal estates, in which he was assisted by his father and his mother; the latter arrayed herself in the regimental colors, and by many feminine arts won recruits. She would place a shilling between her teeth, and the young yokels were privileged to sample "the silk and savor of her lips" in accepting it. The regiment was inspected at Aberdeen in 1794, and passed into the line as the One-Hundredth Gordon Highlanders of foot. Five years later it was called the Ninety-Second Foot, and became famous as the Second Gordon Highlanders.

Our Duchess became even more famed in securing recruits for the Pitt ministry than for the regiment. She was whipper-in for the Tory party, and long held sway in the political as well as the social world. She had an assertiveness which, backed by her beauty, was not to be withstood; and her energy was equal to her

ambition. The portrait by Reynolds, painted in 1775, shows beauty of feature, but not her impressive presence. Her speech was bright, though at times marred by coarseness, and her wit too often had a tang. Walpole gives a glimpse of her energy in the pursuit of pleasure: "She first went to Handel's music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches and went to Hastings's trial in the Hall; after dinner to the play; then to Lady Lucan's assembly; after that, to Ranelagh; and then returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro-table; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning into which she must have got a good way, and set out for Scotland the next day. Hercules could not have achieved half her labors in the same space of time."

Her sister Betty, also noted for her beauty, was a person of unconventional behavior, and became a woman with a career. She married Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, a Scotch baronet, but it was an unhappy union. She prosecuted him for adultery before the Court of Session, but the case was dismissed. She never lived with him again, became eccentric in her manners and

speech, habited herself as a man, and was “the new woman” of her day. She produced a comedy called “The Ton.” Lady Wallace terminated her remarkable career at Munich, censured for the irregularities of her deportment and little lamented by her own family.

Because of the connection of Lord George Gordon, the Duke’s youngest brother, with the Gordon riots, the Duchess lost her prestige in society for a time. She was in Scotland when the troubles occurred, and remained there for some time, devoting her abilities to the care of the Duke’s tenantry, and to supervising and aggrandizing his possessions. Gordon Castle was rebuilt, and the grounds improved. N. P. Willis, in his “Famous Persons and Places,” gives an interesting description of the place under the last Duke.

As leader of society in Edinburgh, her Grace held much the same position she had in London. Her friend Erskine was a neighbor in George Square. On the removal of the Duchess to the more fashionable New Town, her Grace said she regretted having to leave the house which

had been her home so long; but that really the Old Town was intolerably dull. "Madam," replied Erskine, "that is as if the sun were to say, 'It seems vastly dull weather; I think I shall not rise this morning.'"

But in Scotland she was more than a social and a political leader; she was a patron of letters and enjoyed intellectual society. She received Burns graciously, and introduced him to the festivities of the New Assembly Rooms and to high society. Perhaps her greatest virtue was her beneficent friendship for Dr. Beattie and his ill-fated wife. Lord Kames and Lord Monboddo were two learned men who were among her dearest friends.

Her family had grown. Five daughters and a second son, Alexander, fifteen years younger than his brother, the Marquis of Huntly, composed it. All the daughters married well. The eldest, Charlotte, became Duchess of Richmond, and through her the present Duke, born in 1818, bears the double title of Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the latter title being revived in 1876. Susan, the third daughter, married the Duke of

Manchester; and Georgiana, the youngest, became the wife of John, Duke of Bedford. Her son Alexander never married. The Marquis of Huntly married Elizabeth Brodie, who, as the last Duchess of Gordon, achieved a fame in Scotland for her graciousness, goodness, and piety.

“Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,” she devoted herself to the betterment of the people. Hers was a career the very antipodes of that of Duchess Jane. The latter devoted most of her energy to the gayety of assemblies and routs; but while thus engaged, “the vanward clouds of evil days” blew her way. She became estranged from her husband and from most of her family, and led a wandering, almost a homeless, life. Her friend, Henry Erskine, and Sir James Montgomery endeavored to arrange her differences with the Duke, but it was of no avail. Though a Pittite, she was friendly with the Regent, and took part in the festivities of Carlton House. In 1812, she was on her way thither, when she was taken ill at Pulteney’s Hotel in Piccadilly, and there, surrounded by all her children, she died in her sixty-fourth year. Her

body lay in gorgeous state for three days, and was buried, by her own request, at Kinrara, Invernesshire. In 1820, the Duke married Mrs. Jane Christie of Fochabers, by whom he had previously had a large family. She died without further issue in 1824.

In 1865, an autobiographical sketch of Jane Maxwell was privately printed in Glasgow; and this reveals the ambitious and real sentiments of the pleasure-loving Duchess. We shall always know her as the lady of lovely and noble feature depicted by Reynolds, and this record will long outlast the written one of her vagaries, her gayeties, and her sorrows.

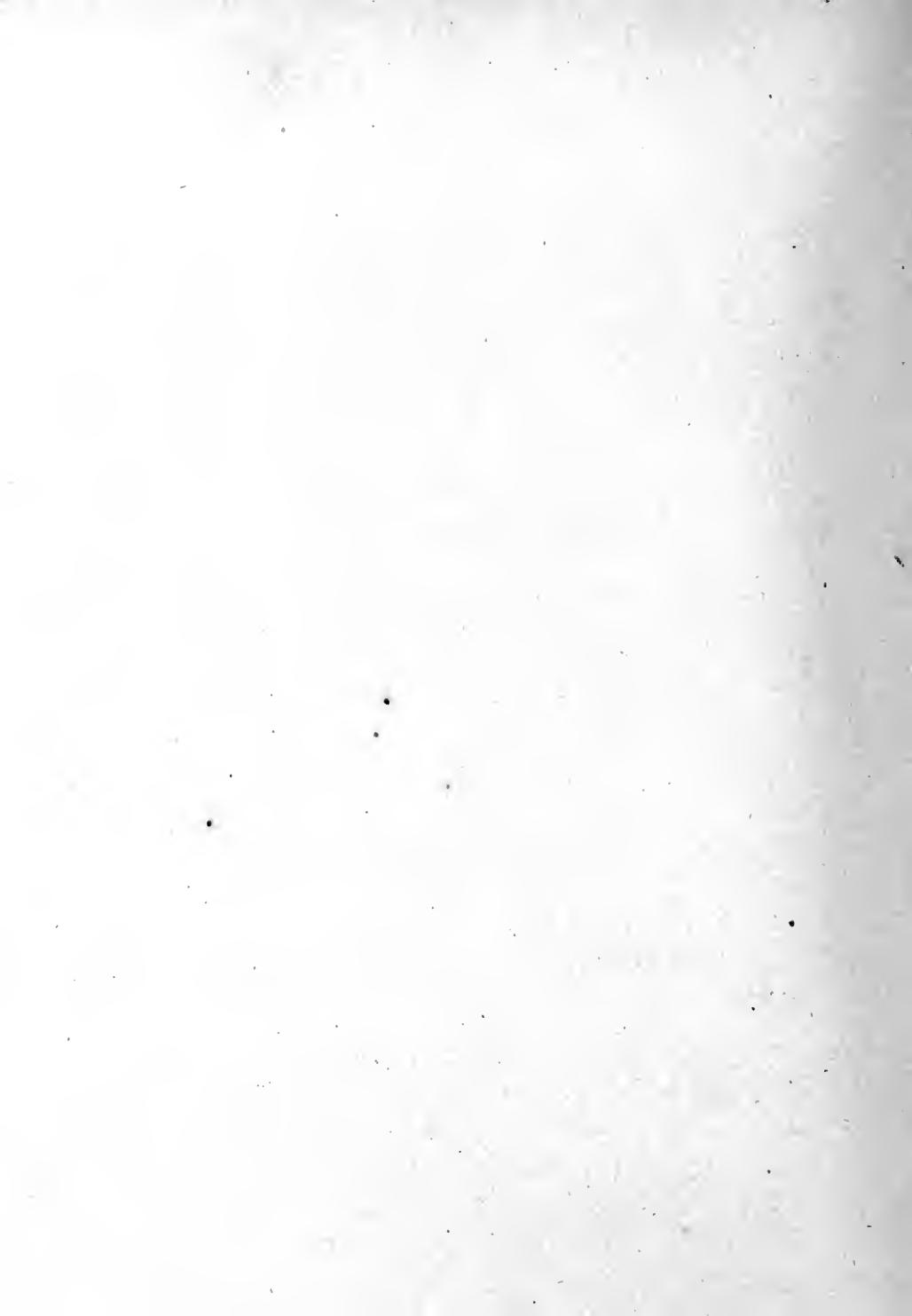














IN so many instances when Reynolds and Romney painted portraits of the same person, the work of the latter painter has become the standard presentment of the sitter, rather than that by the more illustrious artist. This is noticeably so in the cases of those ill-starred ladies of beauty, Mrs. Robinson, the actress, and Lady Craven..

In the memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach is a frontispiece engraving after Reynolds' portrait of her with her son, Keppel, standing at her knee. She tells a story relative to this picture. Johnson inquired of Reynolds why he had not finished the picture, for which Lady Craven had

sat six times. Reynolds replied, "There is something so comical in the lady's face that all my art cannot describe it." Johnson repeated the word "comical" ten times, in every different tone, and finished in that of anger. Angelica Kauffmann painted a portrait of her shortly before she became Lady Craven. Madame Le Brun painted a three-quarters length which the sitter expressed dissatisfaction with. The oval by Romney, which was possessed by Walpole, and hung in the blue room at Strawberry Hill, is the portrait Lady Craven will be known by to all interested in her brilliant, wilful, and much maligned career. In this is the seductively timid look that suggests the fascinating eye of the fawn and that peculiar bend of the neck which gave to the lady the name of "the Swan." Her hair was auburn, long, and soft as silk. The eyes that cast their glory in so many a court were lustrous hazel, while her skin was delicately white, tinted with tenderest of carnations. Tall and slight of figure, she was the ideal type of the patrician Plantagenet.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, of Sharborough, in the county of Dorset, became the

Countess of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley. There were eight children from this union, three of whom died infants, and the youngest of all was Elizabeth, Lady Berkeley, born in 1750. When she was but five years old, her father died, — a father of a generous and gentle disposition. His widow married Robert Nugent, created Earl Nugent, by whom she had two daughters, the younger of whom was disavowed by Nugent. The tempers of the lady and the Earl, who was much older than she, were so impatient that they disagreed, and they separated after they had been married two years. Countess Berkeley, who was handsome and worldly, had been lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales, and was much in favor with her when the Princess became Dowager, and was the object of the distrust and calumny of the people. The Countess, who was not an affectionate mother, always had some aversion to her youngest child. The girl was excellently trained, however, by a devoted governess, and though extremely delicate showed much intellectual strength and mental ability. The Countess of Suffolk was her godmother, and between

them a great affection existed. At the age of thirteen, "Bessy" and her sister, Lady Georgiana, went to pass six months at Paris, and even at this early day her attractiveness of manner and vivacity of converse became apparent. At sixteen her sister eloped with Lord Forbes, and this circumstance made the Countess active to arrange a suitable match for Lady Elizabeth. The latter was presented at Court, where she received excess of caresses and homage. Many were the suitors for her hand, but none were encouraged, and she was reproached for this by her mother. Finally a marriage with Mr. Craven, heir to Lord Craven, was arranged, though the lady protested she had no love for him, and the wedding took place in 1767, the bride's brother, Lord Berkeley, and the Duke of Richmond, giving her away. This gay and apparently thoughtless girl, sensitive and timid, vivacious and a trifle vain, retired to Ashdown Park, where she became the mother of two daughters in two years. Her husband, who had now inherited the estates and title of Lord Craven, was affectionate and devoted, giving his wife those luxuries and that adulation which her tastes and

self-complacency craved. Her lord, though, was not possessed of the mentality or the culture and refinement for this to be a true union of minds. For thirteen years they lived together, when the rift came that made the music mute.

Long ere this, Lady Craven made some brilliant successes in literature. She was highly esteemed by Dr. Johnson, by Mrs. Montague, and by Walpole. The latter has written some pleasing comments on her early efforts,—commending the nature, character, simplicity, and observation therein. He printed, at the Strawberry Hill Press, a translation from the French called “The Sleep-Walker,” which is now very rare. In 1780, he writes to his friend Mason a capital report of her appearance as a dramatist. “There has been such an uncommon event that I must give you an account of it, as it relates to the republic of poetry, of which you are priest, and to the aristocracy of noble authors, of which I am Gentleman Usher. Lady Craven’s comedy, called ‘The Miniature Picture,’ which she acted herself, with a genteel set, at her own house in the country, has been played at Drury Lane.

The chief singularity of it was, that she went to it herself the second night in form, sat in the middle of the front row of the stage-box, much dressed, with a profusion of white bugles and plumes, to receive the public homage due to her sex and loveliness. . . . It is amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself; but there is such an integrity and freshness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents that she speaks of them with a *naïveté* as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the gods. Lord Craven, on the contrary, was quite agitated by his fondness for her, and with impatience at the bad performance of the actors, which was wretched indeed; yet the address of the plot, which is the chief merit of the piece, and some pencilling, carried it off very well,—though Parsons murdered the Scotch Lord, and Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favourite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms or him. There is a very good, though endless, prologue, written by Sheridan and spoken in perfection by King, which was encored (an entire novelty) the first night;

and an epilogue that I liked still better, and which was full as well delivered by Mrs. Abington, written by Mr. Jekyll. The audience, though very civil, missed a fair opportunity of being gallant; for in one of those ogues, I forget which, the noble authoress was mentioned, and they did not applaud, as they ought to have done exceedingly, when she condescended to avow her pretty child, and was there looking so very pretty herself. . . . Lady Craven's tranquillity had nothing displeasing; it was only the ease that conscious pre-eminence bestows on sovereigns, whether their empire consists in beauty or power."

This was in the year of the separation from her husband. He was discovered to devote his time and attentions to a mistress, so his lady left him. She went to the Continent, taking with her Keppel, the youngest son. Her four daughters and two other sons remained with their father. After a stay in Paris, where her manners and abilities gained her many friends among the old nobility and the especial attention of the queen, Marie Antoinette, she proceeded through Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles. Thence she went to

Genoa, Pisa, Venice, and Florence, and at the latter place met Sir Horace Mann, to whom she was commended by Walpole. He writes: "She has, I fear, been *infinitamente* indiscreet. She is very pretty, has parts, and is good-natured to the highest degree, has not a grain of malice or mischief,—almost always the associates in women of tender hearts,—and never has been an enemy but to herself." She went on to Vienna, and there the Emperor was attentive; from there to Poland, where the King became a devotee. On to St. Petersburg she went, and at this Court captivated Catharine. She then went southward to Constantinople. A narrative of this trip was published in 1789, entitled, "A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople." She returned to England to make arrangements for living at Anspach, and to receive her mother's approbation of the plan. Here she resided under the protection of Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Baruth, Duke of Prussia, Count of Sayn, born in 1736, a nephew of Frederick the Great. His father's sister was the good Queen Caroline, wife

of George II. of England. The Margravine was a weak, delicate, inconsequential person, and Lady Craven's strong personality soon dominated the Court. She wrote to her husband that she was to be treated as the Margrave's sister. Certain it is that the Prussian royal family, and all other Courts, received her with every mark of esteem and respect. She was travelling in Spain in 1791, with the Margrave, when she received news of the death of Lord Craven. She almost immediately married the Prussian prince, his consort having died some time before this. In Anspach she was not in great favor with the people; and a sinister influence on affairs, in favor of what was English, was imputed to her. The Margrave disposed of his possessions to the King of Prussia and removed to England, taking up his residence at Brandenburg House. Neither his wife's relatives nor the English Court received them graciously. Thereafter, it was as a dramatist and a patron of the arts that her career excited interest. Indeed, in our day, it is only as a dramatist, and not as a lady of high rank or social import, that the biographical dictionaries record

her. Were it not for Romney, we would say with Waller,

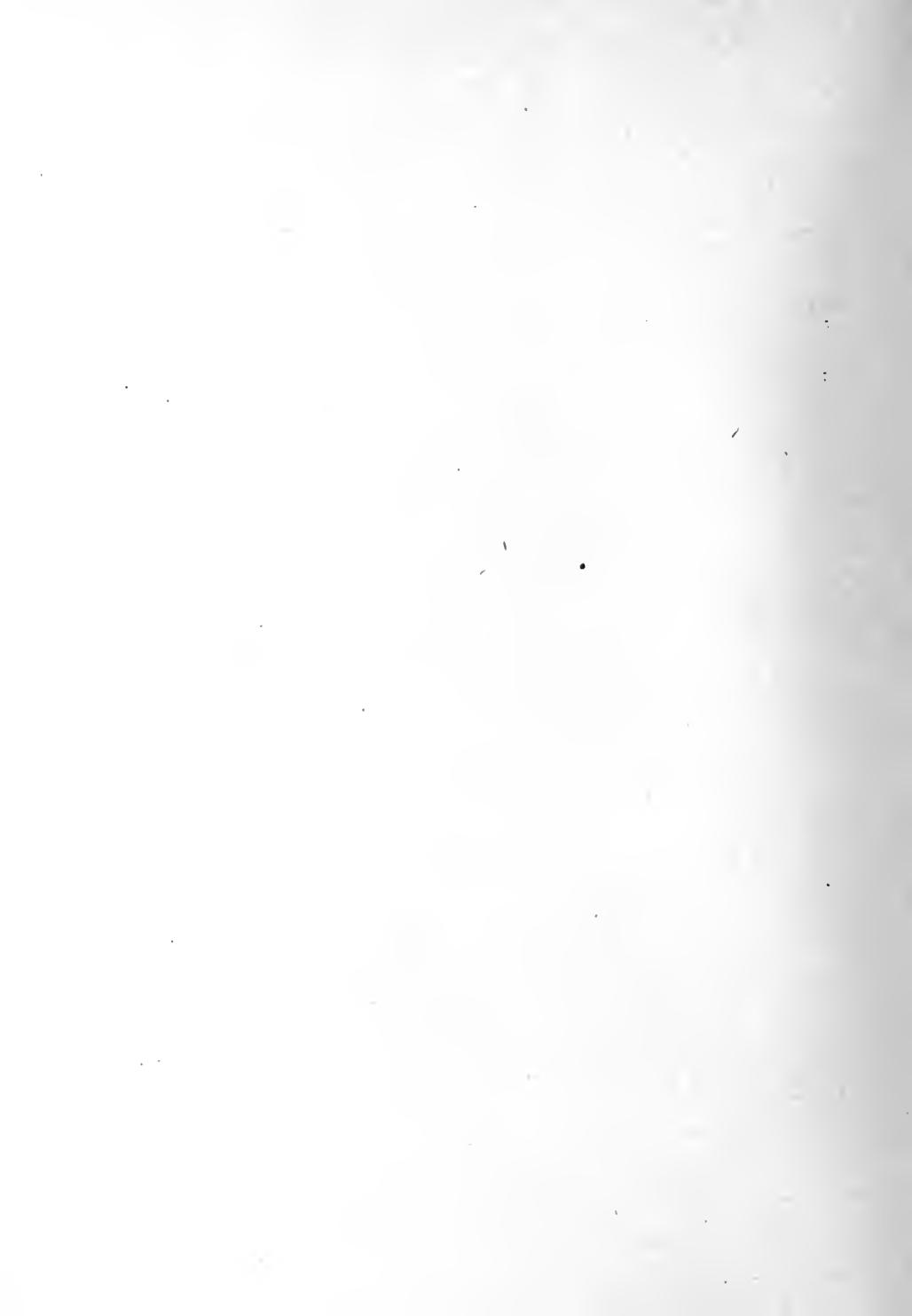
“How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.”

Her beauty faded, but her art remained.

In 1778 had appeared a comedy called “Somnambule,” and in 1781, at the Haymarket, a musical farce entitled “A Silver Tankard.” In 1794 appeared “A Yorkshire Ghost;” two years later a comedy, “The Provoked Wife,” to the performance of which Mrs. Abington lent her services, and the Margravine herself acted. Following these came “The Princess of Georgia,” at Covent Garden,” and a pantomime, “Puss in Boots.” The Margrave died in 1806. His widow returned to the Continent, and with her son Keppel lived at Naples, where she died in 1828. Her memoirs, written by herself, were published two years before her death. Her eldest son, William, seventh Baron and first Earl Craven, married an actress, Louisa Brunton, who was born 1785, in a low station. She appeared on the stage in “The Provoked Husband,” with Kemble, in 1803.

She had much beauty, with features expressive of archness and vivacity. Keppel Craven, who was the only one of her family who showed much regard for their mother, travelled extensively, but settled eventually at Salerno, where he bought a convent and entertained his friends with great hospitality. He was of a gentle and dignified, yet genial, character; the epitome of all the graciousness and culture of his lovely mother, and without her indiscretion and self-complacency.











Mrs. Fitzherbert.





OVER a century ago, before the then heir to the British throne was three and twenty years of age, he had been guilty of many a disreputable brawl, many a shameless intrigue, and many a cowardly desertion. All the influence of the palace of piety, of titled governors, of learned instructors, and of reverend prelates gave little restraint as he sped

“Down pleasure’s stream, with swelling sails.”

Their goodly parts were offset by his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland,—termed by the newspapers the royal idiot,—who led the youth, whom he called “Taffy,” into all places of evil,

until his conversation, so far from being princely, became a compound of the slang of grooms and the wanton vocabulary of a brothel. Already had passed into history his *liaison* with Mrs. Robinson. Infinite pathos attaches to this lady's career. A young wife of a deceiving, unworthy husband, distressed in circumstances, she went upon the stage, and by ability became a great success. In 1780, the young Prince of Wales was attracted by her beauty as she played Perdita in "A Winter's Tale." Signing his requests Florizel, he asked a meeting. She denied and repulsed him for some time, but yielded at last. Mistress she became for two years, and then was cast aside. The income of the stage and its honorable profession she had given up for the royal lover who now passed her by. The notorious Mrs. Grace Elliott was her immediate successor,—one of the most shameless courtesans of that century. Vice and vulgarity, foolishness and frivolity, were the known record of this prince as he "sailed the unmanageable years."

About 1785 there was living at Richmond Hill

a young widow, with attractive manners, and, unfortunately for herself, a pretty face.

“ For beauty is a dangerous gift,
And apt to breed disorder.”

This lady was Mary Anne Smythe, the daughter of Walter Smythe, of Bambridge, in the county of Hants, second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart. She was born in 1756, and married, in 1775, Edward Weld, of Lulworth Castle, in the county of Dorset, who died in the course of the same year. In 1778 she married, secondly, Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton Park, in the county of Stafford, and lord of the manor of Norbury; but in three years she was widowed again, her husband dying from over-exertion in endeavoring to save Lord Mansfield’s house from being burned during the ravages of the Gordon riots. Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a strict and devout Roman Catholic, retired to the Continent for some years after her second husband’s death. She was introduced at the Court of France, and the Duke of Orleans rendered her homage. On her return to England she went to reside near Richmond. Here the

Prince of Wales became acquainted with her, and was at once enamoured. It has been asserted that the song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill" was inspired by her attractions, and it is even said was written by the Prince, and that

"I would crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,"

was literal declaration, and not metaphor. Leigh Hunt suggests that Lady Sarah Lennox was the lass, and that George the Third wrote the ballad. No credible evidence has been adduced that either father or son was the author. We know it was beyond the wits of either. The lady repulsed the amorous prince. She was possessed of some dignity and a regard for the decencies of life, — was admired and caressed by all who were acquainted with the singular attractions of her character. She was in receipt of an income of a couple of thousands of pounds, and in this she differed from other inamoratas of the prince, as she had not to resist the lure of a better style of living. She resisted her suitor. His passion and protestations availed not. He offered to

cede his right of succession to his brother Frederick, and to retire to America. Other romantic schemes were proposed and rejected, so mock heroics were resorted to. One morning Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Edward Bouverie called on the lady and told her the Prince, in his despair, had stabbed himself, and they asked her immediate presence with him. On her way to Carlton House she called upon her confidential friend, the Duchess of Devonshire, to accompany her. They found the royal love-sick victim in bed; a knife lay on a table near by, and spots of blood were spattered around, but also on that table was a glass of brandy and water. The episode was a laughable admixture of absurd sentimentality and seriousness.

Such agitation, entreaty, and tears as his were a menace to the loved one's freedom. It is said his manner was irresistible,—was as graceful as his actions were graceless. Mrs. Fitzherbert wished not to be compromised, and deemed it prudent to escape the impetuous lover, so retired again to the Continent. His couriers tracked her, and importuned return for the

Prince's sake. Her advisers thought it politic for her to return ; but her religious scruples must be satisfied before she surrendered. On December 21, 1785, at her house in Park Lane, in the presence of some of her relatives, the nuptial ceremony was performed according to the ritual of the Church of Rome, and also the Protestant service was performed by Rev. Samuel Johnes.

Of course, according to the Royal Marriage Act, the marriage was null and void ; and but for this the Prince would, by his marriage with a Roman Catholic lady, under the provisions of the Bill of Rights, have forfeited his right of succession to the throne. The fact of the marriage did not trouble the Prince much. He denied it to his friends. Information in regard to it was asked for in the House. Fox, as the leader of the Whigs and the friend of the Prince, denied it in point of fact as well as law. Mr. Rolle asked if he spoke from direct authority. Fox replied that he had direct authority. Sheridan extolled Mrs. Fitzherbert as a friend of the Prince, having a good influence on him.

The Prince called the morning after the speech

in the House, went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and taking hold of both her hands and caressing her, said, "Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing?" The lady changed countenance, turned pale, made no reply, but "with her eyes made answer for her tongue." She never forgave Fox for his repudiation of her marriage, and asked her husband to disavow him. George, in his cowardly duplicity, appealed to Grey to satisfy her, but he would not be connected with the matter. The public was with her in its sympathy. The day after Fox's speech the knocker of her door was never still during the whole day. Her royal husband made a confidante of his mother, and begged that his wife be received at Court. But this could not be, so dishonesty and duplicity had to be carried on to the end. Respect was paid to her by the royal family generally. She carried herself in society with a dignified assertion of the rights of a wife, and with a great self-respect in public demeanor, equally opposed to and incompatible with the character of a mis-

tress. The certificate of her marriage was deposited in Coutts' Bank, and there remains. There was no issue from the union. When the Prince was married to Caroline of Brunswick in 1795,—he calling for a glass of brandy to brace him on seeing his bride,—Mrs. Fitzherbert was intensely distressed, as it affected her reputation in the eyes of the world. As a sort of challenge, she threw open house, and all society was on her side. The Duke of York was very friendly, but the light-of-heart Prince was faithful to neither his Court nor his real wife, for many were his amours. Mrs. Crouch, Lady Hertford, and Lady Jersey were in turn his favorites. His Queen, Caroline, was not of a character to lead him into paths of virtue. Miss Berry described her in 1809 as “an over-dressed, bare-bosomed, painted, eye-browed figure. She has not a grain of common-sense, not an ounce of ballast to prevent high spirits, and a coarse mind without any degree of moral taste.” She was accused of indulging in “the double-pillowed morn,” but made solemn denial of crime before the House of Lords. Speaking of her, Mary Lamb said, “They talk about the Queen’s

innocence; I should not think the better of her if I was sure she was what is called innocent." This is wise judgment. Real innocence is a matter of the thought and heart, and not of actions. After his separation from his consort the Prince wished to renew his relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert. She sent a messenger to the Pope to find out her status. A dispensation was granted, and they lived together again. She had a stronger hold over the Regent than any of the other objects of his admiration, and he always paid her the respect her conduct commanded. She was as faithful and honorable a woman as ever a prince had the good fortune to be attached to, and this not by interestedness or ambition, but out of simple fidelity; a fidelity which was met with faithlessness. The Prince, now the King, bestowed his favors elsewhere. Lady Jersey, eldest daughter of Lady Westmoreland, and inheritor of her vast fortune, soothed his later years, — that lady whom Byron describes enthusiastically with,

“ Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell which will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.”

Mrs. Fitzherbert went on her way steadfastly, not uttering complaint, though Peter Pindar put into her mouth the lines—

“ Too long have I acted the Dove ;
I will soon play the part of the viper :
I will rant like the mistress of Jove ;
I shall dance, and the King pay the Piper.”

At the time he was near his death, in 1830, she addressed to him an affectionate letter, tendering her services. The King seized it with eagerness and placed it under his pillow, but sent no reply. By his own wish her miniature portrait, taken in early life, set round with brilliants, was buried with him, reposing on the scar made by his early foolish attempt at romantic suicide.

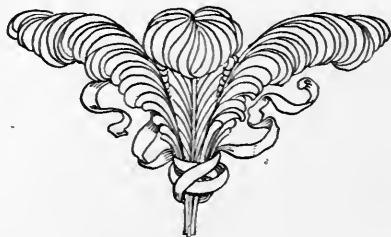
How varying the accounts of this monarch's life ! Praise and panegyric were written with great fulness. Hear what Wraxall says : “ In him are really blended the majesty of Louis XIV., with the amenity of Charles II. George III. was altogether destitute of these endowments. George IV. is the finest model of grace, dignity, ease, and affability which the world has ever beheld in the same person.”

What a sermon Thackeray preached from this text! How he impaled the gilded butterfly! The most eloquent publication of his intrigues and character was the fact of his great wardrobe, left at his death, and the contents discovered of his boxes and trunks. All coats for fifty years were there. Three hundred whips, five hundred pocket-books, in which were found £10,000, trinkets and trash in profusion,—for he never gave anything away. There was a prodigious quantity of ladies' hair, all colors and lengths, some locks with powder and pomatum still sticking to them, and with these were heaps of women's gloves. How eloquent indeed of his lack of principle! Is there any character in society more despicable than a male flirt?

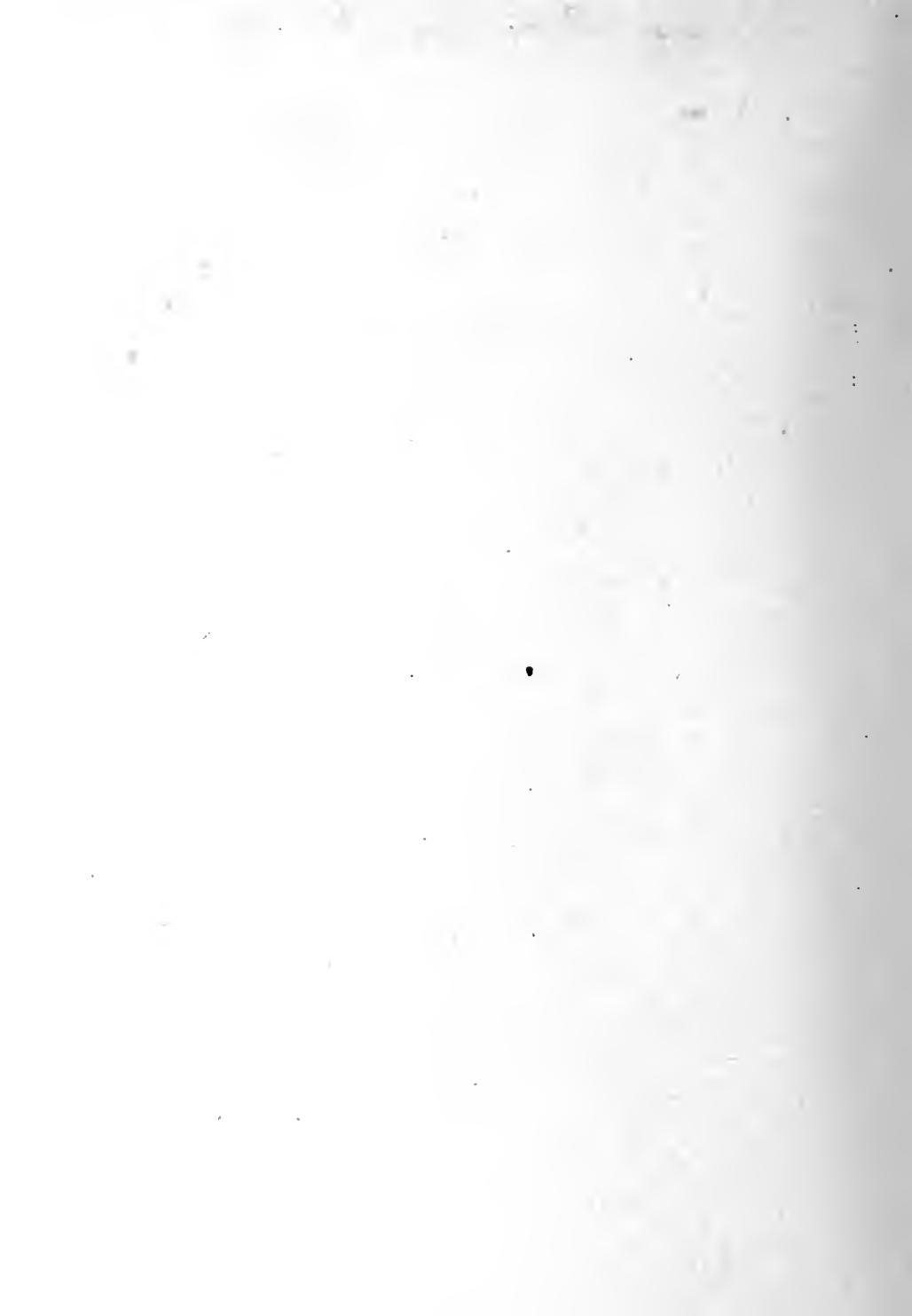
Mrs. Fitzherbert died at Brighton in her eighty-first year. She was an affectionate woman. Her abilities were not shining, nor her charms dazzling, but her manners were most engaging. The pathos and pity of her life was that she bestowed the rich values of her years upon him who was so unworthy of them. George was never generous to her, either in providing or in his

confidence, for he was fearful — though she threatened not — she would make use of some of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him.

Gainsborough painted two very attractive portraits of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The one by Cosway is but a part of a full-length figure seated on a garden bench with a book in her hand. The miniaturist had great facility in his work, completing a portrait in a couple of sittings of two hours each. He was the first among the artists to indulge in the latter-day vogue of making his studio a resting-place for bric-à-brac, for beautiful objects of art, and lovely draperies. His was an elegant art, and he recognized the value to it of an environment redolent of taste, culture, and elegance.







LE ROY

ET

L'ESTAT



Viscountess
St. Asaph.



THE COUNTESS
OF ASHBURNHAM.

THE Percys have always been a haughty family, incontinently proud of their pedigree and position. Lady Charlotte Percy, daughter of Lord Algernon Percy, afterwards first Earl of Beverley, was no exception to others of her family: she was haughty; and yet with her patrician sentiments was blended sweetness of mien, with her hauteur and majesty was merged a mellow suavity of manner. She had no important influence on the affairs of her time other than the invaluable import of an honorable career, of a well-poised character, with its emphatic denotements of all that tends to conserve refinement and culture. Her father was the second son of Hugh,

first Duke of Northumberland of the present creation ; and her brother George lived to succeed to the Ducal title quite at the end of his long life, being fifth of the line. She was therefore aunt to the present Duke of Northumberland. The first Duke, Sir Hugh Smithson, had attained to his title through marrying the heiress of the Percys and being raised to the dignity.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in his *Memoirs* gives an extended account of the rise and of the various fortunate connections made by his family. His eldest son, Earl Percy, married Lady Anne Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute. The union was not happy and was without issue. The second son, Lord Algernon, a delicate youth, travelling in the south of France for his health, met at Aix in Provence, in 1774, Isabella Susanna, second daughter of Peter Burrell, Esq. They became betrothed, and in the following year were married. Lady Charlotte was the first issue of this marriage, her grandmother, the Duchess, dying a few months after this. She had been a woman of much force, was sensible and good-natured. She liked display and magnificence. The blood

of all the Percys and Seymours swelled in her veins and in her fancy. When her husband was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, she revelled in ceremonies, crowds, and show. From her Lady Charlotte inherited much of her character and tastes. The sisters of her mother made good connections by marriage; the youngest wedded the Duke of Hamilton, and after his death was united to the Marquis of Exeter. In 1779, Earl Percy secured a divorce from his Countess, and then married a sister of his brother's wife. The father of these amiable ladies was first knighted and then raised to the rank of British Peer in 1796 with the title of Lord Gwydir; his son-in-law, Lord Algernon Percy, had been elevated to the earldom of Beverly by Pitt in 1790.

Lady Charlotte had become a lovely and winsome lady. Her portrait by Hoppner, done in his best period, was painted in 1794, and has become one of this painter's most famous works. It was engraved by Charles Wilkin and was issued in the series of plates entitled, "A Select Series of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." The painter had the reputation of investing his

sitters with an ideal grace and beauty without losing likeness or character. He had a plausible brush, yet his art was not akin to the emasculated style of thirty years later. In none of his subjects were elements of his style so marked as in Lady Charlotte. In her was graciousness allied with high-bred dignity; and this was the most marked characteristic of his manner. In 1795, Lady Charlotte became the second wife of George, Viscount St. Asaph, only son of John, Earl of Ashburnham. This nobleman was born in 1760, and married in 1784 Lady Sophia Thynne, third daughter of the first Marquis of Bath. She was a beautiful lady, as is seen in the picture of her by Reynolds, where she is portrayed with a lovely child. She died in 1791, leaving two sons and a daughter. Charlotte, Viscountess St. Asaph, became the mother of six sons and seven daughters. Her fourth daughter, Jane Henrietta, married in 1836 Admiral Charles H. Swinburne; and their son is Algernon Charles Swinburne the poet, "great by fame and force of song." Lord St. Asaph became third Earl of Ashburnham on his father's death in 1812, and

died in 1830. His eldest son, Bertram, succeeded to the title and became known as the collector of the Ashburnham manuscripts. The Countess Charlotte lived until 1862. She was a woman of fine presence and elevated character, and had the high regard of all those with whom she came in contact. Walpole remarked that "the Percys were more remembered for having lost their heads than for ever having had a head that was a loss to lose." Here was a Percy who is remembered by her finely preserved head as much as by having had a fine head to preserve.



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